

PARIS PAPERS

**WARNING:
CONTAINS HARD TRUTH**

Experience The Uncensored Project
The U.S. Government and Recording
Establishment Don't Want You To
Hear Due To It's Political Content
@ THE RETURN OF REAL HIP-HOP @



FEATURING:

• Dead Prez • Public Enemy
• Capleton and • Kam

Produced By Paris

SONIC JIHAD

› Field Nigga Boogie

[Verse 1]

Take it back to the days when we raised us up
'Fore coward-a** rap made the game corrupt
P-Dog in the cut back to bring the pain
Puttin' wood on they a** can't stand the rain
And bring heat over beats, and scratch the itch
In a no spin-zone f**k a scandalous b*t*h
It's the return of the Bush Killa back to bust
Just us for the justice, In God We Trust
I rush truth to the youth - and shine the light
Take the red pill, open up ya eyes to life
In this land of these crack fiends sheep and moles
See us overthrow the hold of this devil control
And roll deep - (keep it underground for the streets)
I'm the last cell - (hit em outta bounds, retreat)
We like ants in this war dance, if one falls
Ten more's in his place to advance the cause, it's all

Raw sh*t

HELL YEAH

It's the raw sh*t

HELL YEAH

Do you want the raw sh*t?

HELL YEAH

Everybody Sayin'

That's the Bomb -(what?) That's the Bomb

Gotta have the raw sh*t

HELL YEAH

Comin' with the raw sh*t

HELL YEAH

Do you need the raw sh*t?

HELL YEAH

Everybody Sayin'

That's the Bomb -(come on) That's the Bomb

[Verse 2]

I bust a shot and these pigs all dash like renta cops
These punk a** devils'll never stop
F**k 'em all, I draw, they fall
B*t*h, I was raw, ballin' back in the days of "yes y'all's"
Gotta make a fuss, n***a bust an' ride

See it in my eyes, speak truth or die
Amerikkka's the motherf**kin' beast and I'm
Still the same, n***a snatchin' sheets for mine
Back on the map, and we fade to black
F**k rap, see us pickin' off pigs with straps
And bust on they compound, take control
Of the precinct, leave 'em all stank an' cold
It's no justice no motherf**kin' peace, say it
No justice no motherf**kin' peace, believe
Long as n***as gettin' beat by these pigs we shoot
Outta coupes - f**k peace and the boys in blue, we do the

Raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
It's the raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
Do you want the raw sh*t?
HELL YEAH
Everybody Sayin'
That's the Bomb -(what?) That's the Bomb
Gotta have the raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
Comin' with the raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
Do you need the raw sh*t?
HELL YEAH
Everybody Sayin'
That's the Bomb -(come on) That's the Bomb
[Verse 3]
To protect and to serve is a myth to us
They protect they sh*t and serve sticks to us
F**k a waterhose n***a, those days is thru
All a pig's gotta do nowadays is shoot
But who police the police when they
Beat brothers to the ground like - everyday
What I'm sayin', what if n***as start shootin' 'em back?
Spit caps outta gats 'till the beast collapse?
With an eye for an eye, ain't no time to play
With an eye for an eye - it's the Amerikkkan way
Do it big see the jig split wigs of foes
Bust shots at these pigs - n***a dig the flow and
Hear us all say "power to the people" combined

Hold court in the streets 'till these pigs comply
N***as got no choice but to ride or die
Put this beast on it's back - genocide's the plight, we bring the

Raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
It's the raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
Do you want the raw sh*t?
HELL YEAH
Everybody Sayin'
That's the Bomb -(what?) That's the Bomb
Gotta have the raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
Comin' with the raw sh*t
HELL YEAH
Do you need the raw sh*t?
HELL YEAH
Everybody Sayin'
That's the Bomb -(come on) That's the Bomb
Unless ya wanna live on your knees, throw down (4x)

› Sheep to the Slaughter

Easily I approach, the microphone, in this land of jokes
Can't leave it alone, cause ya know, I could see right though
Corrupt plans and these bullsh*t scams and untruths
We livin' in a maze, different days and times
The world is a stage, most truth is a lie
In this propaganda matrix, the sheep just die
For these murderous conservatives with corporate ties
Deny knowledge of the truth, ignorin' the poor
They just human ammunition for these capital wars
Just human ammunition and collateral d
That's why millions of us holla risin' up in the streets
And when ya see me understand I'm representin' a voice
The majority would feel if ever given a choice
I don't need this seedy media they only annoy
Cause the only ones that wanna scrap ain't never deployed
Who do the fightin' for these rich white folks, and they wars
No it ain't Drew Carey, Dennis Miller or stars
Fox News, Mike Savage, Bruce Willis or Rush
Won't be MSNBC, CNN or a Bush
Never Toby Keith, Hannity, O'Reilly or Clint
Ain't ClearChannel - know they ain't supportin' dissent
Ain't Blair, Kid Rock, or Tom Cruise or vows
Of James Woods, Rob Lowe, Tom Selleck or Powell
Not Arnold Schwarzenegger, he ain't gonna shoot, or
Ted Nugent cause in war the targets got weapons too
Ain't Cheney, Rumsfeld, Halliburton or Ridge
Or Ann Coulter, or Joseph Lieberman or the rich
Or any b*t*h up in congress, they just make laws
When it comes to fightin' - we the ones that end up in gauze
So when you say "support that murderer," I have no applause
Even if he got his jumpsuit on - we pay the cost

› Spilt Milk

Yeah...still ridin'...we still ridin'...P-Dog
N***a we without flaws you comin' without balls
Still down for the cause...P-Dog...now who really raw?...B*t*h

Boom Boom in the night - so now we fight
Caps peel, piggies squeal - who wrong or right?
Street soldier kill em slow - homicidal
We dogs in a sea of b*t*hes - ain't crack a smile
Soundin' off the battle cry - we draw the line
F**k around and crack his spine - for all his crimes
B*t*h devil still ain't learned - just like his pops
Wanna make these bullets burn - with twenty shots
Propogators of the peace - we never ceased
But never listened to our pleas - so now he bleeds
Like Oklahoma city Timmy - It won't be pretty
Catch him in a subcomittee - and have no pity
Look at all the people we got - with Sonic Jihad
Last Cell never see us - now what you thouht?
Swervin to these dj mixes - we ridin' sixes
AMG with chrome centers - twenty inches
East coast west coast - we stay composed
Love us everywhere we goes - the people know
Holdin' down the sh*t we buildin' - Guerrilla Funk
Even though the milk is spillin' - I'm in your trunk holla

[Hook] w/ Capelton
Ridin' dirty through they downtown feelin no love around town
Now some be tryin' to clown but how many can hold they ground now
Labels be abusive confusin with what they choosin'
And these stations mistakenly contemplatin' us losin'
We bruisin' all these faulty a** critics - and these emcees
That coward a** rap sh*tted - they wannabes
Labels never made the culture - you got it twisted
So recognize these f**kin' vultures - and where they fit in

[Hook] w/ Capelton
Now tell me how many devils prone - to do me wrong
Try to fit they mittens on - my provalone
The radio'll never play it - we never heard

They only love us killin n***as, and slangin birds

Guerrillafunk.com - we keep it bomb

Give the people what they want - with every song

With raw sh*t we keep it mannish - don't get it twisted

And motherf**k these cowards plans - we keep upliftin'

[Hook] w/ Capelton

› Tear Shit Up

[Intro]

Bringing you back what you missed in hip-hop

Hard Truth Solder Radio

A GuerrillaFunk.com presentation

[Verse 1 – Paris]

You in tune to the most dangerous crew on file

Who get mashed mash on—b*t*h, get wild

With these field n***a serenades, we break wide

In the land of the weak, home of the slave, we rise

To protect. They servin' us with sticks and shots

But who protect us from these murderous cops?

Who's heroes? You could keep your flags—I'm out

I'll wrap a chain around the precinct and burn sh*t down

F**k the police, I'm thinkin' how to feed my seed

Bumping DP's, bailin' down the block on D's

It's the same sh*t every day

Seem the more a n***a build, they wanna take away

Like a slave, when you can't eat you can't sleep

Can't seem to find peace. Only thing the streets see is police and poverty

B*t*h, don't start with me—I can't fade

The bullsh*t noise that the radio play

Where the world wanna be like and talk like and act like

And rap like the black life is all gats and crack pipes

I'll spit right. N***a, what? My sh*t's tight

Who snitched. N***a or b*t*h to choose sides

When we roam, we beat back Attack of the Clones

What kinda sh*t y'all n***as is on? We hit home

And spill so the people could feel this real talk

From the Bay and all them between to New York

Holla

[Hook]

What we gotta do is tear sh*t up (x8)

[Verse 2 – Paris]

This the way we bomb when we come around

Still keep it on the map for the underground

F**k the system, I'mma holla with a black fist

It's hard truth. Where my soldiers? We still blitz

And who's who with these gangstas, see a vet

These rap n***as or the government? Take a guess
See, we blessed with the speech that could reach oppressed communities
Worldwide, so we don't waste time. We stress freedom
And serve 'em with the style (what)
Motherf**k smilin' (what)
Who wanna ride (what)
Rally up the crowd (what)
Full hollow tips (what)
Cyanide squibs (what)
Power to the people with rocks, banana clips
See us struggle for the streets, motherf**k the bling
Nowadays, radio make it harder to bring
Real sh*t to the people—it's deeper than me
They entice with the conflict, ice, and blow trees
Corporatized by the vile—they smile and fill
Black bodies in the pen—it's the men they kill
3 strikes, whose life? Not my life, yours
Put the men in the prison, turn the women to w****s
Ignore cries of the people—but time is up
Stay tuned for the sequel—we buildin' to bust
Goin' AWOL. F**k all laws—I wanna attack
This bullsh*t, hold 'em accountable for they acts
[Hook]
What we gotta do is tear sh*t up (x8)

[Verse 3: M-1, dead prez]
Militant and political, Guevara M-1
I wipe the smile off you many mouths, meld like a gun
And I remember '99, goin' on tour with Big Pun
Gettin' this fast rap cash from them six-week runs
See, I done learned from them generals with wild entourages
F**kin' like rabbits but don't wanna be fathers
F**kin' up they hotel room, stay on some star sh*t
Know your role, play you position—rule 4
You know you can't fade it, it's gang truce-related
We bang for change, hittin'—no game, you can't hate it
I wanna slap Bush and his mammy
For how he did the Haitians in Miami
That's my fam—coupe tete boule kay
So please die, cracka die
That's for 22 generations of genocide
You see that's why we get high—just to get by

See, we sit and wait until it's dark outside and then we ride
On our enemies. You can depend on me
If you a pig, then you can't be no friend of me
See, it's been 33 years since Fred been gone
He was murdered on the same day Jay-Z was born
For real. 12-4-69. Same year
When they take one from us, then another appears
We gon' take this time to commemorate
NRD: National Revolutionary Day. Say:
[Hook]
What we gotta do is tear sh*t up (x8)

› Freedom

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho (2x)

(Paris)

We come back to the days of - grenades up
Black fist raised up - we stay rough
Come this way cause - the game f**ked
Can't stay away from - the main stuff

Still bust when we ride, still game

Still bust any time, f**k fame
Still rhyme under pressure, still bangin'
Still prime, n***as wetcha, still aimin'

Still put a fist in - the system

Still kill a killa cop, we still win
Still be the one to expose the beast (when it's)
Still un-American to be for peace (yeah)

Revenge is a dish best served with steel

If it's on then, lets get it on for real

Can't shut us up - cut us down - never regret
F**k Bush, I'mma say it loud - raisin' a fist - we holla
(Chorus)

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom

This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho

(M1 - Dead Prez)

RBG'd up, yeah, ready to get freed up
Bangin' on the system, ready to turn the heat up
Malcolm X c*cktail, ready to burn the streets up
Holla if ya hear me big homie, it's time to eat somthin'

Picture me rollin', me Paris and Chuck D'd up
D**kies and white tee'd up, throwin' them O.G.s love
Listen up, rule number 1 is no snitchin'

Switch up and you gon' have to eat a clip up 'till you hiccup

(Stic - Dead Prez)

My reality is poverty, police brutality

How I came into this revolutionary mentality

Comin' up in my hood, it's an everyday thang

N***as is hungry and starvin' that's why n***as bang

The O.G.s put me up on the jewels of the game

Ain't no wins in the street if you comin' up lame

That's why I walk how I walk and I claim what I claim

Red, Black to the Green with a gangsta lean

(Chorus)

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom

This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom

This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho

(Paris)

Rebels at it come again

That's why we conspire so you never win

Keep it calmer when we ride so you never seein'

N***as aim between the eyes so you never mend

Field n***as in the front be the first to bust

GuerrillaFunk.com who you gon' trust?

With all this talk about the war they forgettin' us

Broke schools and abuse made the noose a must

Holla black - f**k a pig and these killers wars

Around the world every border it's the same story

Anywhere that it's color it ain't never peace

Africa, South America and Middle East

Move in packs bust back at these killa foes

Reach first make the heat spurts so he know

No blood for the rich - they been exposed

Now it's power to the people everywhere I go - and everybody's sayin..

(Chorus)

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom

Yeah, my live n***as standin' in here, Yeah, my live n***as standin' over there

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom

Yeah, my live n***as standin' in here, Yeah, my live n***as standin' over there

» Ain't No Love

[Intro: Paris]

Yeah, this is another story of famous dogs
Where the dog that don't keep it real is a b*t*h
These are rappin' dogs, soldier dogs, harmonic dogs
House dogs, street dogs
Dogs of the world, unite

[Verse 1: Paris]

Bye, bye sh*tty luck, skinny ducats
High side, many bucks, t**ty f**kin'
Smash on these Corleones, snatchin' fetti
Westside n***as roam, but y'all ain't ready
Every city, every borough, every town
Every ghetto comin' through, we touchin' down
When I spit, they all scatter, battle cry
Worldwide, it don't matter - who wanna ride?
Return of the street pros, killer foes
Expose what you need to know, Guerrilla flows
Still on that same sh*t, same time
Still from that same clique, same side
Real n***as ain't impressed by the stories they bring
When it's all said and done, y'all remember my name
F**k a Corleone, n***a, we grown, now what you sayin'?
It's all about the chedda, but beware what you claimin'

[Verse 2: Kam]

Y'all n***as really wanna see us dead, huh? We too militant
Always on that pro-black, cracka jack killin' sh*t
I picked up a few cuts, scrapes, and raw abrasions
Collectin' my cheese and checkin' these Caucasians
Cause when you killin' n***as on a record then you goin' places
But talk about killin' these crackas, you racist
That's why crackas and flies, I do despise
The more I see these crackas, the more I like flies
Look into my eyes before I pull this trigger, I don't know what's worse
A black cracka or a white n***a, who should I do first?
I write a verse and have 'em runnin' scared, turnin' red, protestin'
I just be blastin', don't be askin' no questions, holmes
'Til the smoke clear, cause folks here know
The difference between a G and some Holly-weirdo

What you in fear fo'? Losin' your life or your money?

All these coward-a** fake thugs, a.k.a. Bugs Bunnies

[Chorus]

Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in

Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in

Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in

Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in

Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in

Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in

Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in

Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in

Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in

[Verse 2: Paris]

So I fiend for the days when the funk was king

'Fore these pop sl*ts sh*tted on my video screen

'Fore these Bow Wow Wow Yippee Yos and hoes

Before n***as street clothes turned to platinum and gold

Before videos made 'em all fantasy macks

'Fore blingin', we was singin' what it mean to be black

Now these b*t*hy b*t*hy boy bands causin' a fuss

And every n***a rappin' thinkin' thuggin' is us

I'm bustin' pro-black, comin' with rough raps, I catch these

Hollywood shuffles by they motherf**kin' ruffles

And rough 'em up, see, and f**k them tricks

'Comin' phony, all them cowards know is blingin' and Kris

But this poolside fantasy, lovin'-a** wannabe

Record label Superfly, n***a, eat sh*t and die

State-of-mind mentality is blind to me

See I'd die 'fore I live on my knees, believe

[Interlude]

You know it ain't no love, no love for these

You know it ain't no love, no love for these

You know it ain't no love, no love for these

Don't you know it ain't no

» Lay Low

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro]

It's my hood, I been livin' here for seventeen years

Boy I done got jumped, my car done got shot up

I done got shot at, I been to jail, three, fo' times

"I want parents to simply wake up, to take responsibility for our own kids. It's time to take action! It's time to wake up and stop sleeping!"

[Verse 1: Paris]

Peace, what's happenin' rookie?

It's been a while since I been gone, just tryin' to fall in

Ain't nothin' new, sh*t, I keep it mannish

It's different now than when I was out, let's examine

What's happenin', junior? What's goin' down?

How the women actin, heard you was crushin 'em in the town

Look good don't they? Hell yeah, shoulda saw

The ones last week at the mall, hella raw

And all tryin' to come up, like video queens

So fine they make some of us do the stupidest things

But be careful though, get caught up, know what you doin

F**k around and be a teenage pop, and life is ruined

How ya momma doin? She cool, is that right?

Seen your sister last week at the bank, lookin tight

Keep yo' eyes on her, cause n***as, nowadays

Always lookin for some new ones to train, so many ways

And I'm amazed, but not amused as such

We all brothers but some of us gettin caught in the clutch

Another, day go by another, day's the same

Another, day of strife I say a, prayer for change

But I can't complain, and if I did, so what?

The best we can do is try to find the truth and come up

I'm still bangin' on these tracks, still keep hope for us

Yeah I'm back, still rough on wax, and still bust

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

E'rybody gotta do their own thang

See the whole world goin' insane

Hope to see sun, it'll be rain

We lay low, lay low, lay low

E'rybody tryin' to maintain

Brothers gonna work out in the end

'Til we get peace it'll be pain

And they know, they know, they know

[Verse 2: Paris]

What's on your mind? What, your homie died?

Over what, some bullsh*t? Is that right?

I known him since back in the days, we was tight

Used to date his older sister back in late '85

I just wonder why, the sh*t don't make no sense

How many gotta die befo' these n***as convinced?

Death is final every day for my people I'm prayin'

Seems so many lose our futures f**kin 'round in the game

A motherf**kin shame, another life is ruined

Know you wanna ride but gunnin for them n***as is useless

See we all confused, damn, but everything is a test

Don't let ego and emotions be the reason you slip

Cause though your boys might fall, fall for doin wrong

Friends drop like drawers, nobody mobbin 'like the law

And we don't need no more in the pen or at war

It's open season every brother on the street is a target, believe

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

E'rybody gotta do their own thang

See the whole world goin' insane

Hope to see sun, it'll be rain

We lay low, lay low, lay low

E'rybody tryin' to maintain

Brothers gonna work out in the end

'Til we get peace it'll be pain

And they know, they know, they know

[Verse 3: Paris]

Now even though I'm anti-pop, I still rise

And though it seem it ain't gon' stop, I still rise

Above this bullsh*t hip-hop, I still rise

Supply, wise words, disguised in rhyme verse

I curse, what these n***as is sayin, ain't nothin' real

Just fairy tales of pimpin' these sisters and makin' mail

I see 'em pose, see the b*t*hy roles they play

See these videos they sh*tty, see the way we portrayed

See these sellin'-out acts just sellin' our rap

Believe wannabe macks with powerhouse tracks

Redefined black manhood, defied Allah
We rise up, f**k this bullsh*t, survival or die
See them thuggin', n***as muggin' with that criminal pout
See 'em frown in every photo, see that sh*t in they mouth
See 'em tattered, lookin' battered, chasin' pu**y and weed
Makin' hookers out of queens, every video feed
I see these labels sit back, push this sh*t like crack
Now every record every act, got you thinkin' it's black
To act a fool, chasin' pu**y like it's hard to get
I see these crackers think it's cool, bein' n***as for chips
I split jiggaboo chins, a***yze these trends
If it's down to me and them I'm sendin' flowers to kin
Ain't nothin' easy in this world, struggle makes the man
Don't let these motherf**kers do you understand the plan, believe

[Hook: Sandy Griffith]

E'rybody gotta do their own thang
See the whole world goin' insane
Hope to see sun, it'll be rain
We lay low, lay low, lay low
E'rybody tryin' to maintain
Brothers gonna work out in the end
'Til we get peace it'll be pain
And they know, they know, they know
E'rybody gotta do their own thang
See the whole world goin' insane
Hope to see sun, it'll be rain
We lay low, lay low, lay low
E'rybody tryin' to maintain
Brothers gonna work out in the end
'Til we get peace it'll be pain
And they know, they know, they know

► Life Goes On

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro: Conesha Owens]

Ho-ah-oh

Ho-oh-ha

Ooh-ooh-ooh

Ah-hah-ah

[Verse 1: Paris]

In the beginning, there was confrontations in these streets

Cause these police beat us - we tired of runnin', f**k peace

Young brothers born to fail, skippin' bail, helluva start

Could it be them b*t*hes was hatin' cause our skin was too dark?

Handed down his sentence, he got no reason to live

A twenty-five-to-life n***a never knowin' his kids

That's how they do it to us, it seem we caught in between

Another one, wastin' away for what he did in his teens

Life is hard, situation on these streets is critical

Everybody chasin' dough, if them ain't your folks, then here we go

If we ridin', then let's ride, do-or-die, homicide

But tell me the reason for lost lives

Could it be we all caught up in a scandalous system?

Fallin' through the cracks, blinded by the lies we given

Seen these G's on these streets bleed freely but why?

It seem too many of us born to die

But life goes on, and on situation in time

How many lost souls molded by a criminal mind?

From the Bay in California, to the streets of the east

Can't be no justice without no peace, believe

(Life goes on)

[Chorus: Conesha Owens]

No matter what they say or do

I ain't never givin' up on you

I won't doubt ya baby

Won't doubt ya baby

And no matter, I'ma keep it true

And together we gon' make it through

I'm about ya baby

Ain't livin' without ya baby

[Verse 2: Paris]

A ruthless cycle of thugs, coppers, drugs

Helicopters, blood, spitting choppers, slugs

Who could stop to love this lifestyle juveniles embracin'?

I'm lacin' adolescents with lessons, no one could beat these cases I'm chasin'

My compet**ors, no need for a spot

Conversation keep these cowards off my stick when I bust

Forget Versache-watchy Cartier playas, I'm still the same

But I can't condone the phony 'cause I'm prone to be me

Now what you sayin' huh? (Life goes on)

From the Atlantic to the Bay, what? (Life goes on)

To all my people gettin' paid, huh? (Life goes on)

Never forgettin' where you came from (Life goes on)

Fa' sho

[Pre-Chorus]

Now keep on strivin' and survivin'

Don't let life get down on you (That's right)

Forget these haters that betray

Mistakin' kindness for a fool (What?)

Keep your head up, don't get fed up

Keep on doin' what you do

For all true players in this game of life

You got to know the rules (True)

(But life goes on)

[Chorus: Conesha Owens]

No matter what they say or do

I ain't never givin' up on you

I won't doubt ya baby

Won't doubt ya baby

And no matter, I'ma keep it true

And together we gon' make it through

I'm about ya baby

Ain't livin' without ya baby

No matter what they say or do

I ain't never givin' up on you

I won't doubt ya baby

Won't doubt ya baby

And no matter, I'ma keep it true

And together we gon' make it through

I'm about ya baby

Ain't livin' without ya baby

[Post-Chorus: Paris]

Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up
Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up

[Verse 3: Paris]

Now that's one too many times, more than three had to die

Forty-five's got to spittin', six-thirty was the time

Seven years gone by, eight of us done been deceased

Nine times outta ten, somebody bleedin' in these streets

Tell me what's the reason? Trial date's the Tenth

These juveniles in wild life smile upon your death

Went from kids to killas, fun lovin' to felonies

Could it be we self-destructin' in this rush for the cheese?

Everybody in this world gone crazy

See money and murder be the measure of a man everyday

Separate from the fake, break bustas for how they livin'

Cause some takin' better care of their cars than of their kids

And it still seem we caught up in a scandalous system

Fallin' through the cracks, blinded by the lies we given

Seen these G's in these streets bleed freely, but why?

It seem too many of us born to die

(But life goes on)

[Chorus: Conesha Owens]

No matter what they say or do (Say or do)

I ain't never givin' up on you

I won't doubt ya baby (Oh-ho-ah)

Won't doubt ya baby (Oh-ho-ah-wow-ow)

And no matter, I'ma keep it true (Keep it true)

And together we gon' make it through

I'm about ya baby

Ain't livin' without ya baby

No matter what they say or do

I ain't never givin' up on you

I won't doubt ya baby

Won't doubt ya baby

And no matter, I'ma keep it true
And together we gon' make it through
I'm about ya baby
Ain't livin' without ya baby

[Post-Chorus: Paris]

Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up
Don't stop, don't stop movin' on up

[Outro: Paris]

Yeah

» You Know My Name

[Verse 1]

About this scratch, I blast, pa** the mask, we mash
Careenin' though these back streets, gats gleam in my lap
A shame it came to this, aimin' cause them n***as don't listen
The sweat is glistenin', I grimace, 'bout to service these sentences
On the trigger, I know them n***as, soon as we start
And get the clip to spittin', counterfeits'll sh*t in they drawers
Don't really want none, but somethin' got them n***as mistaken
Thinkin' that music make 'em safe, I cross 'em out with a K
Now renegades, disperse, att**udes get worse
You'll see these n***as on the news if I burst and get 'em first
Servin' all these nut swallowin' followers in they mouth
Spittin' clips in they Impalas, Inshallah and we out
What we about, is justice and freedom, f**k the rest
Black women more than a**es and breast
I test any n***a disagreein', pee on wannaGs, remember me?
P-Dog, motherf**ka I'm raw, follow my lead
Now f**k 'em if they famous, we ventilate they craniums
Entertainers know they places, if they fake then we aimin
I pray and blaze, comin' fully raised, obey
I'm on that Che, make these n***as behave, now what you sayin'?

[Chorus]

You Know My Name (P-Dog)
Motherf**ka we raw, who claimin' Mob Boss without no balls, them n***as soft
You Know My Name (P-Dog)
I'm blitzin' n***as with hits, they counterfeits but they still talk sh*t without a clip
You Know My Name (P-Dog)
We see them bustas and rush 'em with no discussion, let the battle cry sound, we puts it
down
You Know My Name (P-Dog)
Ain't nothin' funny at all, I'd rather blast, put these n***as in casts, f**k all ay'all

[Verse 2]

Since we servin' I'm puttin' brothers on alert
Put the first n***a trippin' in dirt, don't leave 'em hurt
Way too heinous, we show 'em our demeanor is meanest
Who wanna see us when I pop? The soldier sh*t don't stop
F**k any cop, you know how we do, so glad to meet you
If you haven't heard, I'm raisin' the curb, hopin' you see through
These plastic-a** Nittis, Corleones and Locs

Leave these n***as lookin' sh*tty, Noriegas is jokes
Now call your folks and let 'em know
Paris wreckin' any n***a imitatin' these crackas upon they records
See me check 'em, these b*tches rather switch then fight
While n***as civil rights dwindle Kristal is what they into
But I refrain, they petty as change, complain
N***as playahatin' but ain't knowin' the game
I shame cowards like a scarlet letter, I'm much better
Leave these n***as chasin' chedda impaired, I think they scared
Step into my lair, careers crushed
While my 2-strike n***as test nuts
I'm thumbnin' through my Murderdog, n***as all look like clones
Same clothes, same fake-a** pose, you know my motherf**kin' name

[Chorus]

(P-Dog)

Motherf**ka we raw, who claimin' Mob Boss without no balls, them n***as soft

You Know My Name (P-Dog)

I'm blitzin' n***as with hits, they counterfeits but they still talk sh*t without a clip

You Know My Name (P-Dog)

We see them bustas and rush 'em with no discussion, let the battle cry sound, we puts it
down

You Know My Name (P-Dog)

Ain't nothin' funny at all, I'd rather blast, put these n***as in casts, f**k all ay'all

[Outro]

It's plain to see, you can't change me
Cause I'mma be a soldier for life
It's plain to see, you can't change me
Cause I'mma be a soldier for life
It's plain to see, you can't change me
Cause I'mma be a soldier for life
It's plain to see, you can't change me
Cause I'mma be a soldier for life

› Evil

[Intro]

They don't mind you givin' the latest rap, they don't mind your being hoes, they don't mind your being b*t*hes, they don't mind you being whatever image that Viacom and BET can come up with. But what they don't want you to know that you're the ones that can redefine civilization if you take time to do it

[Verse 1]

It's a Guerrilla Funk-orchestrated counterattack
Formulate and infiltrate 'em so the people react
See if I was wicked I would pick and stick to a plan
To rule the world and trick 'em, this is how it'd began
See I'd have to find a way to keep the people enslaved
Behave, teach the babies it's my way or the grave
And start with the body, workin' labor for free
And give 'em fake religion so they worshippin' me
And see and when the free labor play out, I'd let it go
But only after I made enough to control
Then I'd tell 'em that the afterlife is better than this
And that they should love their enemies when faced with contempt
I'd persist with some history that I would rewrite
In a school system where I'd keep the money too tight
I'd let 'em all know just where they belong in my world
Turn the boys into felons, makin' hookers of girls
Swirled up in my plan, build jails to keep
All my prisons full of n***as, have 'em workin' for free
See with ghetto-economics in check, I'd keep 'em broke
Teach 'em only to respect sports, music and dope
Control the content of lyrics, now only the sound
Of sex, dope and murder in a song is allowed
Tell 'em "N***as ain't sh*t" every move that they make
And that black is dirty so they never try to be great
Can you relate? I'd laugh, watch 'em murder for scraps
Set it up so they'd die over crack I provide
Do it right, and I'd see they try to be like me
Try to be the biggest G up in these murderous streets
I'd teach, manhood means how many women ya f**k
How many babies you can make, responsibility ducked
F**k a job, real men are pimps, that's what I'd teach
And if b*t*hes wanna trip, then them b*t*hes get beat
I'd see it all through, never lose and pa** a new law

Give 'em 3 strikes so the men are constantly gone
Yeah, if I was evil they would think I do no wrong
See it's lethal how I keep 'em in their place so long, believe

[Hook]

I got my eyes upon you, and all the things that you do
Some close they eyes but mine can see, all the evil surroundin' me
So what I'm 'posed ta do, when I can see right through?
Expose the lies and snatch the sheets, fight the evil surroundin' me

[Verse 2]

After all is said and done here and I could afford
I'd concentrate deeply on controllin' abroad
And think about a way to take control of they land
I'd create a virus made to murder people en ma**e
Last time was Tuskegee, but now it's for real
House Bill 15090 would just kill
With germs that would murder with sperm and blood drips
And kill 'em all worser than burned, they'd die quick
See to understand, you could witness the plan
Through the green-monkey sham they would think it began
And while we argue over the cost, they'd all die
With generations all being lost with no fight
I'd continue with the pain, make it oh so plain
I'd manipulate the market for my capital gain
Keep the people all broke and confused and undercla**ed
Give my homies all executive bonuses through the crash
And if the heat get too hot, I'd plant a bomb
Or wreck a plane, just like Hitler back in the day
And scare all the people, they'd forget about me
They'd forget about elections and the way that we cheated
See me blame it on a foreigner and non-white men
Celebrate my gestapo with a positive spin
Then manipulate the media - it's U.S. first
Get the stupid-a** public to agree with my words
Then I'd make the play, takin' all their freedoms away
Incarcerate anybody that'll get in my way
Make 'em censor any media that challenge the mold
Give 'em bullsh*tty shows just like Anna Nicole's
Control the message in the music, it's gangsta fo' sho
Give 'em diamonds, never tell 'em 'bout the conflict zones
Never tell 'em 'bout the murder in Sierra Leone
Never tell 'em how the diamonds make 'em murder their own

It's all too easy, if I was evil that's how I'd rock it
Make sure that my propaganda won't ever stop it
 Got 120 channels, but it's nothin' to watch
 Now 11:55 be the time on the clock, believe

› AWOL

[Intro]

And you don't hear none of those stations, for hip-hop and R&B playin' him, ask why
In fact, where are those stations today?
Somebody better ask somebody that
The people that's most affected, by this war
Are the so-called hip-hop generation

[Interlude 1: Recruiter]

The Army is the best kept secret in the whole world
That every soldier gets his or her own private room
You can forget that old brown boot image of the Army
It's a job like anything else, you'd love it, all the soldiers do

[Verse 1]

I remember how it started, remember the time
I was watchin' Rap City 'bout a quarter to nine
Commercial said the military givin' money for school
Caught the bus up to my campus, they were signin' recruits
And met this dude named Diablo (Hello), was some kind of vet ('Sup?)
He explained the situation told me what to expect, he said
(Now we'll help you pay for college and train you for work)
Said I could take computer cla**es and could quit if I want
But best of all was the fact I'd have my own sh*t
I'd have my own space and have my own place to kick it
On top of that I'd travel, and visit the world
Hell, Diablo said the women overseas was the pearl
Didn't even call my girl, let's get it on fo' sho'
Signed my name, took some tests, and I was outta the do'
A true soldier for America, ready to go
On the road a vacation'll be good for the soul

[Chorus]

Don't matter what they sayin' now
They lyin' what they say fo' sho'
They don't play when it come to war
They get down, they get down, they get down

[Verse 2]

I showed up at basic training, but what a mistake
Cause this motherf**ker yellin at me all in my face
In this dirty-a** latrine, fifty men in a room

Runnin' laps up in the mud at four o'clock in the morning
I'm scrubbin' toilets, doin' laundry, and feelin' the pain
If I didn't know no better, I'd think "Boy" was my name
 Same bullsh*t line so many bit 'fore me
 Got a n***a twisted up in this illusion of freedom
 F**k this sh*t, I'm out tomorrow, made up my mind
 Everything Diablo said I'm findin' out was a lie
 That's when my unit got the call, the Commander in Chief
 Wanted ground troop a**ignments keeping peace in the East
 What a relief, I'm thinkin finally somethin new
 Shipped us off and twenty hours later, we was en route
 Touched down around eleven, the desert was brutal
Then the ground split and caught us by surprise from the shootin'

[Interlude 2]

"Engage! Engage! Open fire!"
"Take cover! Take cover!"
"Get down! Fire!"
[Chorus]
Don't matter what they sayin' now
They lyin' what they say fo' sho'
They don't play when it come to war
They get down, they get down, they get down
Don't matter what they sayin' now
They lyin' what they say fo' sho'
They don't play when it come to war
They get down, they get down, they get down

[Verse 3]

It was all surreal, seen 'em blow the spine out his back
In the minefield, we was reelin' from the attack
Seen the MO's hand upon the receiver, still attached
With an alarm on it, set off the beacon, then I mashed
Who the first truck, blood and guts splash in my face
Cuttin' kids down, couldn'ta been no older than eight
What the f**k is goin' on, who we fightin' and why
Killin' kids, killin' killers, who the f**k is supplyin'?
I'm cryin' out for protection, but none of it came
So I dumped in all directions 'til the heater was drained
But that night vision sh*t wasn't helping us win
Caught a round of friendly fire, but it wasn't so friendly
We simply got lucky, headed back to the base

Seen a soldier rape a woman, shot her dead in the face
Guts stuck to my clothes, body parts galore
If this a peacekeepin' mission, I ain't ready for war
And now I'm back home bitter, and sick and contagious
And I'm knowin' we some bullies, that's why everyone hate us
Still broke than a motherf**ker, n***as is starvin'
And that job trainin' sh*t is only good for the Army
I guess I should have been a CO, and kept up a file
Shoulda listened when my homies said we murder for oil
Now I'm f**kin' with this wheelchair, ain't nothin' the same
And I'm knowin' confrontation's mo' than video games
War is pain

› Agents Of Repression

[Intro: Paris]

All day on the nation's only all-terror network

All terror, all the time

FOXSNBCNN

[Skit]

"The War on Terror is everyone's war, and civilization itself is in the balance"

"The questions are growing louder, and the White House is furiously backpedalling. What did
the president know, and when did he know it?"

"You're telling me you're going to fake some terrorist thing, just to scare some money out of
Congress?"

"Well unfortunately, I have no idea how to fake killing four thousand people. So we're just
gonna have to do it for real. Oh, blame it on the Muslims, naturally. Then I can get my
funding!"

» What Would You Do?

[Chorus]

What would you do if you
Knew all of the things we know
Would you stand up for truth
Or would you turn away too?
And then what if you saw
All of the things that's wrong
Would you stand tall and strong?
Or would you turn and walk away

[Verse 1]

I see a message from the government, like every day
I watch it, and listen, and call 'em all suckas
They warnin' me about Osama or whatever
Picture me buyin' this scam I said never
You in tune to a Hard Truth Soldier spittin'
I stay committed gives a f**k to die or lose commission
It's all a part of fightin' devil state mind control
And all about the battle for your body mind and soul
And now I'm hopin' you don't close ya mind - so they shape ya
Don't forget they made us slaves, gave us AIDS and raped us
Another Bush season mean another war for profit
All in secret so the public never think to stop it
The Illuminati triple 6 all connected
Stolen votes they control the race and take elections
It's the Skull and Bones Freemason kill committee
See the Dragon gettin' sh*ttier in every city

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Now ask yourself who's the one with the most to gain (Bush)
'Fore 911 motherf**kas couldn't stand his name (Bush)
Now even n***as waivin' flags like they lost they mind
Everybody got opinions but don't know the time
Cause America's been took - it's plain to see
The oldest trick in the book is make an enemy
Of phony evil so the government can do it's dirt
And take away ya freedom lock and load, beat and search
Ain't nothin' changed but more colored people locked in prison
These pigs still beat us but it seem we forgettin'

But I remember 'fore Septmember how these devils do it
F**k Gulliani, ask Diallo how he doin'
We in the streets holla "jail to the thief" - follow
F**k wavin' flags bring these dragons to they knees
Oil blood money make these killers ride cold
Suspicious suicides people dyin' never told
It's all a part of playin' God so ya think we need 'em
While Bin Ashcroft take away ya rights to freedom
Bear witness to the sickness of these dictators
Hope you understand the time brother cause it's major

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

So now you askin' why my records always come the same
Keep it real, ain't no fillers, motherf**k a blingin'
Mine eyes seen the gory of the coming of the beast
So every story every word I'm sayin' "F**k Peace"
See you could witness the Illuminati body count
Don't be surprised these is devils that I'm talkin' bout
You think a couple thousand lives mean sh*t to killers?
N***a I swear to God we the ones - ain't no villans
Or any other word they think to demonize a country
Ain't no terror threat unless approval ratings slippin'
So I'mma say it for the record we the ones that planned it
Ain't no other country took a part or had they hand in
Just a way to keep ya scary so you think you need 'em
Praisin' Bush while that killer take away ya freedom
How many of us got discovered but ignore the symptoms?
N***as talkin' loud but ain't nobody sayin' sh*t
And with the 4th Amendment gone eyes are on the 1st
That's why I'm spittin' cyanide each and every verse
I see the Carlyle group and Harris Bank Accounts
I see 'em plead the 5th each and every session now
And while Reichstag burns see the public buy it
I see the profilin' see the media's compliance
War is good for business see the vicious make a savior
Hope you understand the time brother cause it's major

[Chorus]

› How We Do

Yeah

Welcome

You are now in tune to the real

Hard truth - Soldiers

In about 2 seconds a soldier will began to speak

Welcome into Cali where we strong like that

We struggle with the struggle and it's on like that

We guard the gate, separate these boys from men

In the cities where too many take your life for granted

Stone cold with the message, it's on and crackin'

N***as trifilin' ya quick lose ya life from scrappin'

Happens all the time see us dyin' playin' for keeps

Many fallin' to the callin' of these murderous streets

And the world keep spinnin' ...no stoppin' the rain

Seem everytime we happy come the trouble and pain

Even marks playin' heartless - who the hell could know

In a twist he resisted now he stiff in the cold

And we still ain't got no love for no po-lice

How many killin' n***as murder in these City Streets

F**k a Pig and these busta a** n***a beats

It's Black Power on the map, blow the back out your coward-a** rap

Who could match when we spit bricks

See 'em scatter when I call blitz

N***a scratch 'em out the mix

No matter what you been through

We still comin' with that

Bomb bomb biddy in the city when we bring truth

And that's how we do it when we (bomb like that)

And that's how we do it when we (come like that)

And that's the way we do it cause we (strong like that)

See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel

(we roll like that) (we cold like that)

And that's how we do it when we (walk like that)

And that's how we do it when we (talk like that)

And that's the way we do it when we (come like that)
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel
(we bomb like that) (we strong like that)

Still wanna cap those - coward a** rap hoes
N***as can't match flows - Even when I rap slow
Still got the pill - when I spill over beats
And still comin' real never yield sayin' f**k peace

I b*t*h slap fairy tales of straps
What the hell happened to rap? It just collapsed
Perhaps it's ways of the paper chase clones
N***as far gone from the sellin' of the soul
But I'm grown so check the essay, we deep as eses
Blaze, make these haters behave, we on that Che
Guevera seen the fear in they eyes, we world - wide
Swat these phony n***as like flies, who wanna ride

And vibe off my serenade, terror made
Jiggy n***as raise afraid, we finna raid
And blaze when we come around, The black fist
Amazed how we turn it out - it's like this sayin

And that's how we do it when we (bomb like that)
And that's how we do it when we (come like that)
And that's the way we do it cause we (strong like that)
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel
(we roll like that) (we cold like that)

And that's how we do it when we (walk like that)
And that's how we do it when we (talk like that)
And that's the way we do it when we (come like that)
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel
(we bomb like that) (we strong like that)

Got my att**ude from adolescence - nothin' changed
Gotta say my prayers count my blessin's - what a shame
In this game of life nothin' promised - another day
Got me packin' heat avoidin' drama - who to blame
When we all guilty doin' dirt
In the community too many of us in up hurt
No love for life in this complicated paradox

How many of us gotta die for the madness stop

I look around and all I see is these influences
The hard times in the eyes of the ghetto ruined
So hard to do it when you looked upon as second cla**
Another chapter for Amerikkka's ill-gotten past - you never last

If you don't hold your head high - keep strivin'
Brothers gonna get by - we keep risin'
Even though they want us dyin' - we still thrive and
Believe I'mma keep fightin' - we street soldiers for life

And that's how we do it when we (bomb like that)
And that's how we do it when we (come like that)
And that's the way we do it cause we (strong like that)
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel
(we roll like that) (we cold like that)

And that's how we do it when we (walk like that)
And that's how we do it when we (talk like that)
And that's the way we do it when we (come like that)
See I'mma blast the Devil, the rythmn is the rebel
(we bomb like that) (we strong like that)

Yeah, Get ya mob on

Get ya mob on

Street soldiers

Hard truth

Yeah

› Freedom (The Last Cell Remix)

(Chorus)

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom
This is how we ride and roll - soldier fo life fo' sho

[Verse 1: Paris]

We come back to the days of - grenades up
Black fist raised up - we stay rough
Come this way cause - the game f**ked
Can't stay away from - the main stuff
Still bust when we ride, still game
Still bust any time, f**k fame
Still rhyme under pressure, still bangin'
Still prime, n***as wetcha, still aimin'
Still put a fist in - the system
Still kill a killa cop, we still win
Still be the one to expose the beast (when it's)
Still un-American to be for peace (yeah)
Revenge is a dish best served with steel
If it's on then, lets get it on for real
Can't shut us up - cut us down - never regret
F**k Bush, I'mma say it loud - raisin' a fist - we holla

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: M1, dead prez]
RBG'd up, yeah, ready to get freed up
Bangin' on the system, ready to turn the heat up
Malcolm X c*cktail, ready to burn the streets up
Holla if ya hear me big homie, it's time to eat somthin'
Picture me rollin', me Paris and Chuck D'd up
D**kies and white tee'd up, throwin' them O.G.s love
Listen up, rule number 1 is no snitchin'
Switch up and you gon' have to eat a clip up 'till you hiccup

[Verse 3: Stic, dead prez]

My reality is poverty, police brutality
How I came into this revolutionary mentality
Comin' up in my hood, it's an everyday thang
N***as is hungry and starvin' that's why n***as bang

The O.G.s put me up on the jewels of the game
Ain't no wins in the street if you comin' up lame
That's why I walk how I walk and I claim what I claim
Red, Black to the Green with a gangsta lean

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: Public Enemy]
Get back, we put it back on the map
With Power, a panther return to growl
What I'm talkin', Guerrilla Funkin'
And now we back and I'm rappin' to back 'em off again
What I'm spittin' got 'em trippin' we rush the fakes
To keep us livin' I'll keep givin' 'em records to break
They'll never master me, they'll never master P
Why we blast, hara** until we get a piece
Bring the noise, Public Enemy number 1
And P-Dog'll bust, in God we trust
A def jam without the Def Jam we rise
To rush injustice, brush lies aside
What ya need - self-sense and self-defense now
We got it - representin' we bail through the crowd
Be around and 'round, you can't ignore the sound
We still say feel the Prophets of Rage - Power to the people say

[Chorus]

[Verse 5: Paris]
Rebels at it come again
That's why we conspire so you never win
Keep it calmer when we ride so you never seein'
N***as aim between the eyes so you never mend
Field n***as in the front be the first to bust
GuerrillaFunk.com who you gon' trust?
With all this talk about the war they forgettin' us
Broke schools and abuse made the noose a must
Holla black - f**k a pig and these killers wars
Around the world every border it's the same story
Anywhere that it's color it ain't never peace
Africa, South America and Middle East
Move in packs bust back at these killa foes
Reach first make the heat spurts so he know
No blood for the rich - they been exposed

Now it's power to the people everywhere I go - and everybody's sayin..

[Chorus]

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom

Yeah, my live n***as standin' in here, Yeah, my live n***as standin' over there

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom, Freedom

Yeah, my live n***as standin' in here, Yeah, my live n***as standin' over there

- › Field Nigga Boogie (XLR8R Remix)

[Paris]

Take it back to the days when we raised us up
'Fore coward-a** rap made the game corrupt
 P-Dog in the cut back to bring the pain
 Puttin wood on they a** can't stand the rain
And bring heat over beats, and scratch the itch
 In a "No Spin Zone," f**k a scanadalous b*t*h
It's the return of the +Bush Killa+ back to bust
 Just us for the justice, in God we trust
 I rush truth to the youth, and shine the light
 Take the red pill, open up your eyes to life
In this land of these crack fiends sheep and moles
 See us overthrow the hold of the devil control
 And roll deep, keep it underground for the streets
 I'm the last sayin, get 'em outta bounds, retreat
 Like ants in this war dance, if one fall
Ten more's in his place to advance the cause, it's all

[Reggae chat interlude]

[Various samples]

"This program includes dramatic re-enactments of scenes which depict real events
And contains material which is intended for" (HIP-HOP)
 "Welcome to the show!"
 "Today, more drugs are coming into America than ever before" - Dan Rather
 "We have the best intelligence in the world, we can stop anything we wanna stop"
 "You still may know little about" - Dan Rather
 "The C.I.A.'s involvement with drug lords"
 "This was a, a multi-billion dollar business"
 "Even more menacing" - D.R. "The C.I.A."
"Have gone into the drug trade, and are trying to take over the government" - D.R
 "In the war", "on drugs" - D.R
 "Which side is the C.I.A. on?"
 "We need a change! We need a change.." {*2X*}
 "One of these motherf**kers different"

Bringing you back what you miss in hip-hop
Hard truth sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-soldier radio
Word! "Pay attention real close, we just begun"

[Immortal Technique]

Yeah! Immortal Technique, part of the rebel militia
Weapon I brandish, don't need the canvas to paint a picture
F**k who you askin, I'll tell you what it is
It ain't music motherf**ker it's the way that we live
Party crashin, leavin the door with a broke lock
And make a toast to the cancer of Rupert Murdoch
I got a hit, on the Grand Wizard and the cyclops
And I'll be snipin, campus security bike cops
F**k around, and I'mma start blastin they kids
Payback, for what they did to John Africa's crib
These pigs talk a lot of sh*t, sh*t, wavin the badge
Can put it down and go the f**k home wrapped in a flag
I have nothin but, empty shells for enemies
Strike me down, that'll give birth to ten of me
Forbidden chemistry, my verse is the dirty bomb
Urban combat, next year n***a it's on